

ACTION

VOL. 1

NO. 6

\$10



ADULTS ONLY



SEX

and the sorority girls

A MAJORITY OF CO-EDS "LIVING IN SEX"
ON OUR CAMPUSES ARE LACKING IN STYLE



There was a time, not long for the better part of this century, when college campuses were crisscrossed with a combination of tawdry fraternity (and sorority) rows, high romantic adventure, red hot scandal and flaming youth. From the early romances of Owen Johnson, George Ade, Booth Tarkington and other popular novelists who dealt with this traditionally luscious theme of youth, until F. Scott Fitzgerald inaugurated the flack-ering jazz age in *This Side of Paradise* there was a great deal of color in well as desire under the campus olive.

After Fitzgerald, both color and desire grew more frenetic, especially during the twenties. Instead of close harmony on the college steps of a balmy evening in May or June, the American public got the likes of a deliciously jiggling Colleen Moore in *The Florio Act* or a short-skirted Charleston-dancing Jean Crawford in *Our Dancing Daughters* of a whimsical and fascinating Jane Prender in the screen version of *Two Mame Girls*.

There was also lyricism and actor Johnny Mercer (*Blame it on the Night*, *Days of Wine and Roses*, et al.), lying atop a college-bound upper berth in a long-drawn-out Hollywood musical and warbling one of his own early compositions that attracted, " . . . you gotta have a college education to learn how to fall in love."

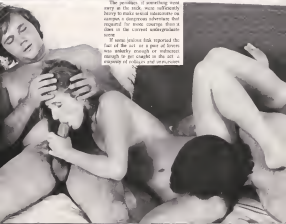
Ah, yes—these were the days! Traditionally and in fact, undergraduate sex was pretty much the property of the privileged. No, not exactly the sons and daughters of wealthy parents, but youths and maidens endowed above the ordinary with good looks, charm, daring, discretion and sufficient brilliance to get passing marks while enjoying the full life after classroom hours ended for the day.





The penalties, if something went awry in the act, were sufficiently heavy to make sexual intercourse on campus, a dangerous adventure that required far more courage than it does in the current undergraduate scene.

If some jealous link reported the fact of the act, as a pair of lovers was unskilful enough or unwise enough to get caught in the act, a company of colleagues and onlookers







simply hoisted them out . . . or at least suspended the unfortunate pair for the balance of the college year.

Marriage was forbidden for the undergraduates of most of our institutions of higher learning on penalty of severe and automatic dismissal. The fall had yet to be assessed, and pregnancy on the part of a co-ed was tantamount to disaster.

It took plenty of guts to fail in love and do something about it for the university student of postwar years.

As such on-campus sex played a minor role for the great plurality of students, most of whom lacked the money, the opportunity, the nerve or the charm to make it with anyone worth seeking it with . . . to say nothing of sufficient intelligence to

keep their marks above water while engaged in major emotional turmoil.

That was the way it was in dad's day . . . or at any rate in granddad's day. Unless he was something special, he had to get along with the good right hand (or left if he happened to be a weakpate) or non-sensational sex for him (and for his female opposite numbers).





was strictly a vacation product.

Well, there have been drastic changes in student and faculty attitudes toward undergraduate sex on the part of both groups and students of recent years and, also, if the quality has richly increased, the quality has increased.

The great bookmaker, of course, was the GI Bill of Rights, fostered by a grateful Congress at the conclusion of World War Two.

Then the American campus scene was unutterably altered by an invasion of hundreds of thousands of dejected, hungry veterans, desper-

ately anxious to make up for the educational years they had missed while in their country's service or grasping at opportunity for a higher education they could not have hoped for under pre-war conditions.

Most of these veterans were well



in their twenties, some even older. Scores of thousands of them were already married and a large percentage of these unions were already blessed with offspring. By law, the colleges could not refuse these admissions because of restrictions, so they moved in and settled down, mostly in jerry-built "veterans' resi-

dence projects" where a large percentage of the children promptly pretended to retely that situation.

As if all this were not enough to upset the long-maintained university policies of sexual segregation for undergraduates, the arrival of the veterans coincided with the first workings of that increased persua-

siveness that has come to be called the "great American sexual revolution."

Ultimately, of course, the veterans' professed need went their thousands of ways, completely with spouses, offspring, nothing rings and diapers. But the Walls of Jericho they destined have retained all efforts at restriction.







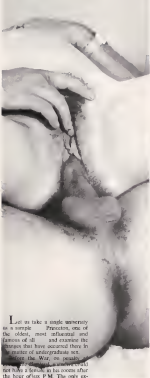












Let us take a single university as a sample—Princeton, one of the oldest, most influential and famous of all—and examine the changes that have occurred there in the matter of undergraduate men. Before the War, no possibly brilliant intellectual student could not have a party in his room after the hour of ten P.M. The only ex-





Forbidden sensual and flaming youth was the theme of the picture *The Pleasure Age*, in which Greta Garbo "figured" debatably as the flapper of the Roaring '20's







Times reporter that they were living in what used to be called an in an off-campus apartment — in return for which admission the Harvard faculty warmly barred Lorde from the college "Black Book" — apparently for the duration of her campus career.

In the wake of the shock waves that followed this incident, other Harvard pals revealed that such off-campus residences is anything but sacrosanct, and revealing that of sleeping arrangements close to French fare. As one young man put it, "Usually anybody is sleeping in the room they're paying rent for."

Subsequent investigation, notably by *Life* magazine, revealed that conditions right across the land, particularly many of our larger educational institutions and especially in California, have gone far beyond Princeton or even Harvard in sexual freedom.





There speaks the unrepentant sexual adventures of yesterday's young persons of witily and cool distaste as well as ones through, as like Leno and Pines, not to discuss his or her name in public.

At last, perhaps, Manhattan is not wholly right and there remains a ray of hope for the souls of the American undergraduate.

Also, however, such non-hypocrites would appear to be in a minority among college students, quite willing to admit their appetites and to enjoy them without guilt.

But then, come to think of it, they always were in a minority even though they had most of the fun. So perhaps things haven't really changed so much after all. If only all these squares hadn't got into the act and cluttered it up.

Serious university had better take cognizance of the fact of modern life and academic courses as sexual class and style. — Jack High Heller or Liana Turner in charge **T**